

# The Mirror

OF

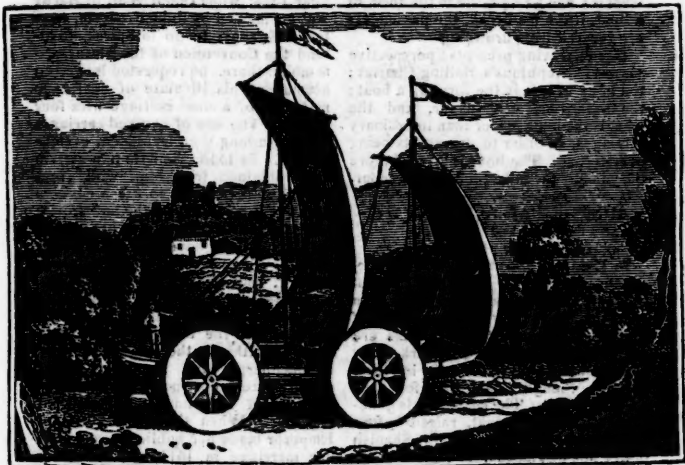
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

No. XXXV.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]

## The Sailing Chariot.



It would be almost as impossible to assign limits to human ingenuity and invention, as to human ambition. That there are limits which the one cannot pass, while the other is boundless as the imagination itself, will not be denied: but the scientific discoveries of the last half century, must make us hesitate before we say such or such a thing is impossible. In mechanics, in chemistry, and in the ingenious branches of the fine arts, improvements and discoveries have succeeded each other with a rapidity which out-stretched all anticipation, and have set all calculations at defiance. No man will dare now to say to any of these branches of science, "hitherto shalt thou go and no farther."

To be enabled to make the wind, which "bloweth where it listeth," subservient to the purpose of propelling huge vessels on the ocean, and thus to form an intercourse with the most distant parts of the world, was a great triumph of science; but to be able to steer a vessel with a rapidity that the wind does not generally afford is a dead

VOL. II.

calm, or independent, or even against the wind by steam, is a discovery which would not have been credited a century ago; and other discoveries which were once thought equally improbable have since been made.

The wind, which has been of such good service on the ocean, has for ages been used in machinery on shore, such as the working of mills, &c. Some individuals have, however, thought it might be used to propel vehicles on land. In the last century, Stephinus of Scheveling, in Holland, constructed a chariot on wheels, to be impelled by the wind, the velocity of which was so great, that it would carry eight or ten persons from Scheveling to Putten, a distance of forty-two English miles in two hours.

Carriages of this kind are said to be frequent in China; and in any wide level country, must be sometimes both pleasant and profitable. The great inconvenience attending the machine is, that it can only go in the direction the wind blows and even not then unless

it blows strong; so that after you have got some way on your journey, if the wind should fail, or change, you must either proceed on foot or stand still.

The Hollanders have small vessels, somewhat of this description, which carry one or two persons on the ice, having a sledge at bottom instead of wheels; and being made in the form of a boat, if the ice break, the passengers are secured from drowning.

Our engraving presents a perspective view of Stephanius's Sailing Chariot: the body of it is in the form of a boat; the axle-trees are longer, and the wheels further asunder than in ordinary carriages, in order to prevent its being over-turned. The body is driven before the wind by the sails, guided by a rudder.

### HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF COACHES.

(For the Mirror.)

In England, and throughout Europe, coaches are drawn by horses, except in Spain, where they use mules. In the East, especially the dominions of the Great Mogul, their coaches are drawn by oxen. In Denmark, they sometimes yoke rein-deer in their coaches, though this rather for curiosity than use. The coachman is generally placed on a seat, raised before the body of the coach. But the Spanish policy has displaced him in that country by a royal ordinance, on occasion of the Duke d' Olivares, who found that a very important secret, whereon he had conferred in his coach, had been overheard and revealed by his coachman: since that time, the place of the Spanish coachman is the same with that of the French stage-coachman, and our postillion, viz. on the near shaft horse. In the thirteenth century, the use of the coach, or carosse, was regarded as singularly honourable, and of great avail in conquering the enemy. To lose it was accounted an irreparable disgrace, as it was the highest glory to take that of the adversary.

Among the Romans covered carriages were articles of pomp and luxury; but at length, the spirit of the feudal system for some time banished the use of them. The feudal lords conceiving it to be of the greatest importance that their military vassals should serve them on horse-back, were averse from indulging them with elegant carriages, the prevalence of which would render them indolent, and unfit for military service. Accordingly, persons of every rank, males and females, clergy and

laity, rode upon horses or mules, and sometimes upon she asses. His holiness the Pope, generally rode upon a grey horse. Covered carriages were known in Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but they were at first used by women of rank, and the men thought it disgraceful to ride on them. In the year 1544, when Count Wolf of Barby was summoned by John Frederic, elector of Saxony, to go to Spire, to attend the Convention of the States, assembled there, he requested leave, on account of his ill state of health, to make use of a close carriage with four horses. The use of covered carriages was for a long time forbidden, even to women. In 1545, the wife of a certain duke obtained from him, with great difficulty, permission to use a covered carriage in a journey to the baths, with this express stipulation, that her attendants should not have the same indulgence. About the end of the fifteenth century, emperors, kings, and princes, began to employ covered carriages on journeys, and afterwards on public occasions. At the election of the Emperor Matthias, the ambassador of Brandenburg had three carriages, which were constructed in a coarse manner, of four boards clumsily put together. When the consort of that Emperor made her public entrance, on her marriage in 1611, she rode in a carriage covered with perfumed leather. Mary, Infanta of Spain, consort of the preceding Emperor Ferdinand, rode in Carinthia, in 1631, in a glass carriage, in which no more than two persons could sit. The wedding carriage of the first wife of the Emperor Leopold, cost with the harness 30,000 florins.—The coaches used by that Emperor are thus described:—"In the imperial coaches no great magnificence was to be seen; they were covered over with red cloth and black nails. The harness was black, and in the whole work there was no gold. The panels were of glass, and on this account they were called the imperial glass coaches. On festivals the harness was ornamented with red silk fringes. The imperial coaches were distinguished only by their having leather traces; but the ladies in the imperial suite were obliged to be contented with carriages, the traces of which were made of ropes." At the magnificent court of Duke Ernest Augustus, at Hanover, there were, in the year 1681, fifty gilt coaches, with six horses each.

The first time that ambassadors ap-

pooned in coaches in a public solemnity, was at the imperial commission, held at Erfurth in 1613, respecting the affair of Juliers. Henry IV. was assassinated in a coach, but he usually rode through the streets of Paris on horseback, and had only one coach for himself and his queen. The coaches used at this time were not suspended by straps; they had a canopy supported by ornamented pillars, and the whole body was surrounded by curtains of stuff or leather, which might be drawn up. If Henry's coach had been furnished with glass, it is probable that he would not have been murdered. Bassompierre, in the reign of Louis XIII. is said to have been the first who projected a small coach with glasses; and the coach in which Louis XIV. made his public entry about the middle of the seventeenth century, appears to have been a suspended carriage.

Coaches were first seen in Spain in 1546, when Charles Pubest, a servant of Charles V. king and emperor, came in a coach and chariot, a thing rarely seen at that period. Whole cities ran out to stare at it, for at that time they only made use of carts drawn by oxen, and in them were seen the most considerable persons of the court. When Charles of Anjou made his entrance into Naples, the Queen of Naples rode in a carriage, called "Caretta," the outside and inside of which were covered with sky-blue velvet, interspersed with golden lilies. From Naples the luxury of carriages spread over all Italy.—Some people suppose that the word *coach* is of the Hungarian extraction, and that it had its rise from a village in the province of Weiselburg, which is at present called "Katsee," but was formerly known by the name of "Korsec," or "Cotzi," and that this travelling machine was even there first invented. Erichonius, the son of Vulcan, had such ill-shaped legs, that he did not like to appear in public, on which account he invented the car, which hid half his body.—See Ovid. Menage makes it Latin, and by a far-fetched deviation, traces it from "Vehiculum." Dr. Johnson derives it from the former. Coaches were used in England at a very early period; they were originally merely cars, or a superior sort of wagon. St. Erkenwald preached in a sort of chaise, with wheels, when he was old and infirm, as early as the year 675.—William de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, died of a bruise occasioned by the fall from his coach in 1333. Stowe says, that the oldest carriages used by the ladies

in England were known under the now obsolete name of "Whirligigotes."—When Richard II. was obliged to fly from his rebellious subjects, he and his followers were on horseback, but his mother, who was sick and weak, rode in a carriage. But this became afterwards unfashionable, and therefore, whirligigotes and chariots were disused, except at coronations and other public solemnities. In 1471, after the battle of Tewksbury, the Queen was found almost dead with grief in her chariot. Queen Elizabeth used a chariot at a very early period of her reign. From these and similar instances, we may easily conjecture what kind of vehicle was the ancient coach. In every period of English history, chairs and horse-litters, or hanging waggons, occur and appear to have been the most easy and commodious machines for conveyance with which our ancestors were acquainted. Stowe says, that in 1555, Walter Rippon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland, which was the first that was ever used in England; and in 1564, the same Walter made the first hollow-turning coach, with pillars and arches, for her majesty; and again in 1564, he made a chariot throne with four pillars behind, to bear a canopy with a crown imperial on the top, and before two lower pillars, on which stood a lion and a dragon, the supporters of the arms of England. He likewise says, that in the year 1564, Guyllyam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the Queen's coachman, and that he was the first that brought the use of coaches into England.—Twenty years after they became common among the nobility and persons of rank, then long waggons were introduced. Mr. Strutt says, that it was a long time after the invention of coaches before a coach-box was added to the body, for the coachman joineth a horse, fixed to match a saddle-horse, to the coach-tree; then he sitteth upon the saddle; and when there are four horses, he drove those which went before him, guiding them with a rein.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"AX MY EYE."

(For the Mirror.)

"Her eye discourses, I will answer it."  
Shakspeare.

To say what wond'rous skill, what happy care,  
Taught the bold eye the blaze of day to bear.  
Through fluid space, with piercing ken to pry,

To measure earth, and comprehend the  
sky,  
Is but to tell what every moment  
shows,  
That Heaven no bounds in power or  
bounty knows,  
All mighty when it works, all good when  
it bestows.

This homage paid, forgive the va-  
grant muse,  
If for her theme some lighter dress she  
chuse,  
And clothed in sportive Fancy's wanton  
guise,  
More trivial subjects, from humbler  
hints that rise.

When vulgar gentry gather to a  
crowd,  
Some all intent, some soothing, and  
some loud;

You ask the cause, and wait for a re-  
ply:

'Tis ten to one they answer—"Ax my  
eye."

You call this rude; but call it what  
you will,  
Rude as it is, there's meaning in it  
still;

Clodius shall prove it; Clodius looks  
you through,

Yet seems to look at every one but  
you;

Is he insidious, mean, malignant, sly,  
What says the vulgar maxim?—*Ax his  
eye.*

When pert Corinna darts from place to  
place,

Sinks with laborious ease from grace to  
grace,

Or calls forth glance by glance, or  
charm by charm,

Does she design our bosoms to alarm?

Does she conclude that all who gaze  
must die?

Does pride inspire her purpose?—*Ask  
her eye.*

When the great scholar, slow, precise,  
and sour,

Mere human clock-work, speaks one  
word an hour;

Does his grave silence modestly imply:

Or is it scorn's dumb language?—*Ask  
his eye.*

The flatterer swears he lives upon your  
smile,

Call himself yours, but makes you *his*  
the while;

Say, would you know, if what he  
speaks he feels,

His eye will tell you what his heart con-  
ceals.

The miser's heir, bedecks the funeral  
show,

With all the sad formalities of woe.

Behind the corpse himself a mourner  
creeps;

But is it grief, or is it joy that weeps?  
Consult *his eye*, 'twill then, perhaps,

appear,  
That hopes and pleasures swim in every  
tear.

'Twere endless work to prove that  
through mankind,

The speaking eye explains the secret  
mind.

Would you the bad detect, the good  
descry,

Their wise and virtuous toil, examine,  
try;

Ask where you will, but never miss the  
eye.

#### SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER IN NORTH AMERICA.

In the year 1770, when the war with  
America was conducted with great spi-  
rit upon that continent, a division of the  
English army was encamped on the  
banks of a river, and in a position so  
favoured by nature, that it was difficult  
for any military art to surprise it. War  
in America was rather a species of  
hunting than a regular campaign. "If  
you fight with art," said Washington to  
his soldiers, "you are sure to be de-  
feated." Acquire discipline enough for  
retreat and the uniformity of combined  
attack, and your country will prove the  
best of engineers." So true was the  
maxim of the American General, that  
the English soldiers had to contend  
with little else. The Americans had  
incorporated the Indians into their  
ranks, and had made them useful in a  
species of war to which their habits of  
life had peculiarly fitted them. They  
sallied out of their impenetrable forests  
and jungles, and, with their arrows and  
tomahawks, committed daily waste upon  
the British army,—surprising their cen-  
tinels, cutting off their stragglers, and  
even when the alarm was given and  
pursuit commenced, they fled with a  
swiftness that the speed of cavalry  
could not overtake, into rocks and fast-  
nesses whither it was dangerous to fol-  
low them.

In order to limit as far as possible  
this species of war, in which there was  
so much loss and so little honour, it  
was the custom with every regiment to  
extend its outposts to a great distance  
beyond the encampments; to station  
centinels some miles in the woods, and  
to keep a constant guard round the main  
body.

A regiment of foot was at this time  
stationed upon the confines of a bound-  
less Savannah. Its particular office was

to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the centinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The centinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to rank it as treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the centinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!"

The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The centinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was now necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to

a single centinel. The cause of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the Colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a bird chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter: but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery!"

The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and awaited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up with him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes;

but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim; discharged my piece; and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other centinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the centinels without previous alarm, and too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bearing their bodies away, concealed them at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought.

#### ALL THE WORLD'S A LOTTERY. A NEW SONG, BY THE LATE G. S. CAREY.

(Not in his Works.)

All the world's a lottery,  
Strangers to our destiny,  
Whatsoever our fate may be,  
In this lottery.

Fortune is so wily,  
She'll with a smile beguile ye.  
And often trick ye slily

Within this lottery,

Should a needy battered rake  
Wish a buxom wife to take,  
For his future comfort sake,

In this lottery;

When he's play'd this prank, sir,  
He's but himself to thank, sir,  
Should madam prove a blank, sir,

Within this lottery.

Some will quarrel for a straw,  
Looking for revenge in law,  
Should they chance a prize to draw,

'Tis a lottery.

Many much depend, sir,  
Of answering some end, sir;  
Believe an honest friend, sir,

'Tis all a lottery

When you're aged grown, and weak,  
Or, when time has blanch'd the cheek,  
Being sick, for physic seek,

'Tis a lottery;

When a parent dies, sir,  
Tears will wet the eyes, sir,  
Altho' you get a prize, sir,

Within this lottery.

Interest is a leading game,  
Yet it is a mortal shame,  
Making friendship but a name,

In this lottery.

Man's a greedy elf, sir,  
Friendship ends in self, sir,  
While looking out for pelf, sir,

Within this lottery.

Stop, then stop the wheel, sir,  
For many seem to feel, sir,  
With hearts as hard as steel, sir,

In this lottery.

Tho' we've much to cope, sir,  
Mankind would often mope, sir,  
Without a chance of hope, sir,

Within this lottery.

#### SEVEN MISERIES IN WALK- ING THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON.

1. In passing through a street well frequented with carriages, but narrow in the footpath, you come to that barrier called a print shop. Besides the usual three rows of gapers, you have here an agglomeration of two or three journeymen bakers, with their baskets reaching two feet beyond their shoulders; the whole groupe of dutiful admirers of the arts, surmounted by a coal-heaver, whose feet fill up the last inch of the pavement, and whose pointed shovel projects three feet over it: at every attempt you make to double this



promontory, the pole of a coach, ready to bob you under the chin, corrects your impatience, and keeps you within the sphere of the fine arts!

2. In the early dusk of a winter day you come to a crossing, occupied by a long train of carriages, the pole of one close to the hind wheels of another. With your very best mimicry of patience, you wait a quarter of an hour. At length you espy a vacancy between an empty waggon and the fore-horse of a cart; you run to avail yourself of it, but there is no vacancy; it is not a waggon, but a timber wain, on the return with an unseen beam behind half as long as itself, against which you run with a force, that scarcely leaves you breath enough to regain your old station on the pavement.

3. Overtaking three old ladies of a certain breadth, attended by an obsequious nephew, who walks partly before them, there not being quite room enough for him upon the pavement, but steps back to pay his duty in the little space there is, every time you attempt to pass them.

4. The being obliged to witness the ceremony of lowering a porter-hogshead from a dray into a beer-cellar; after which the drayman gives you a certificate of your attendance by throwing a greasy rope upon your white stockings.

5. When you are going into the city to make a fortune by a sudden bargain in the stocks, and have taken a hackney coach for the sake of speed, finding yourself locked in between the stand of coaches and the pavement, on the left of Cheapside, following a waggon at the rate of one mile an hour, as long as you are fortunate enough not to be stopped by a column of carts crossing you from one of the lanes.

6. Passing over Westminster-bridge, or near Whitehall on a windy day, when the dust is thrown up to be carried away in carts, (which is always done at mid-day), and finding yourself destined to save the horses part of their burthens, by taking away from them as much as your mouth, nose, eyes, coat, and hat will hold.

7. Walking in a rainy day between the clatter of two pair of pattens, one of which you strive in vain to overtake, while the other will not pass you. At length, by a great effort and stepping in many a puddle, you come up with the first, and when you expect from the agility of the owner to see a young and beautiful countenance, you

turn round and look upon a face as old, and almost as ugly as your own!

W. A.

## ON PUFFING.

BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

A facetious modern writer has called the present era, the age of taxes and puffs; and, indeed, the perusal of the latter forms by no means the slightest burden of the former. Our magazines and reviews, and the editors of our diurnal publications, made a most degrading sacrifice to avarice, when first they suffered whole battalions of puffs to escape from their proper quarters, and small-type cantonnments to invade the highway, and open masked batteries upon the unwary passenger. Infinite are the deception under which they steal upon us, and innumerable the disguises and crapes under whose cover they arrest our progress; and if they do not rob us of our money, at least defraud us of our time. Of all practisers in this art, the lottery-contractors are the most persevering and audacious; fighting under all colours, and blazoning every wall from St. Luke's, where their dupes are found, to the King's Bench, whither they are frequently conducted. By a tempting exhibition of capital prizes, the credulous multitude are "struck with sudden adoration," and purchase tickets, only to complete the line of Milton by a speedy display of "blank awe." In perusing the public journals, it is impossible to escape their traps. "The convention of Cintra, by which the enemy was suffered to carry away all the plunder, and which so cruelly disappointed the hopes of the nation," forms on a paper now before me, the preface to "an advantageous Lottery Scheme," and is much more appropriate than the writer probably intended. The nation ought long ago to have discovered, that their rich wheel is like a St. Catherine wheel, which seems to scatter a shower of gold on every side; but when we attempt to snatch the prize, we only burn our fingers, the treasure vanishes, the momentary splendour is succeeded by darkness, and the deceitful vision ends in smoke.

Vulgar modes of puffing becoming at length too notorious to escape occasional detection, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens bethought himself of classical assistance; the Greek and Roman authors were used as janitors to this fashionable promenade, and ancients

literature was ransacked to supply new heads to the old body of puffs. "Cato and Lucretia" served to introduce the congenial characters of Mr. Dignum and Mrs. Bland:—"Prometheus, who formed men of clay, and endured them with *stolen fire*," composed the prelude to "a beautiful new song, by Mr. Kelly;" and "Hannibal's vinegar, which penetrated and destroyed the bowels of the hardest rock," led by an easy transition to—"Genuine port wines."

Nor have the illegitimate sons of Esculapius been deficient in this fashionable accomplishment. "A horrid murder!" is often made to precede some quack's patent pills, which is simply a metathesis, or transposition of the course of events; while a "dreadful insurrection of the Blacks" serves to confirm the efficacy of "Gowland's Lotion," by which it might have been completely avoided, since "it prevents all eruptions, and gives to the skin a beautiful whiteness." "The flourishing state of the public funds," in the beginning of a paragraph, is wound up at the end with "Windsor's gas lights, or inflammable air;" and the "long confinement of Alexander Davison, Esq. in the King's Bench," is introductory to "an effectual remedy for the yellow fever."

"As fools rush in, where angels fear to stand;"

so do some of these licensed murderers seek the sanctuary of the temple, and extract from the Sacred Writings labels for their phials of wrath. Solomon's Song seems an odd way of bringing us acquainted with "Solomon's Guide to Old Age," since its precepts do not seem so well calculated for the extension as the enjoyment of life; yet I have seen this farrago of quackery thus ushered into notice. Of all the wise men, in the deleterious way, this puffing Solomon may be reckoned the wisest, for he was indisputably the richest. Christians and Jews have alike worshipped this golden calf, while he himself, if report may be credited, by professing their religions alternately, as interest dictated, has plucked them both, with a most meritorious impartiality. Far be it from me to insinuate that he was ever a sincere convert to either Christianity or Judaism; I rather suspect he was like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments, not belonging to either, but making a cover of both.

### PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

No. XI.

### ECONOMY; OR, THE LADY AND THE CARTER.

O'er *economy* some have such perfect controul,

They make the one half go as far as the whole:

You need not be told that in what I relate,

I allude not to those who now govern the State!

No, I speak of a Dame, an old woman 'tis true,

But still with the Government nothing to do!

In her household a pattern of saving you saw,

For she could with ease make her bricks without straw.

Roast and boil'd at her table she had every day,

For potatoes, you know, can be cook'd either way:

And at feasts a plum-pudding with her wasn't rare,

For 'tis a plum-pudding, when *one plum* is there!

Certain rubbish it chance'd 'twas expedient to clear,

And the job being over, to give JOHN some beer:—

A tankard was drawn—"Tis my brewing," said she,

"Malt and hops—nothing else;"—"Yes, Ma'am, to be free,"

Said the man, "*something* else—I believe a slight matter!"

"What else?" she exclaim'd—"Why," said JOHN, "Madam, *Water!*"

"Ay, true," was her answer—"Yes, *that* I forgot!"

"No," said JOHN with a grin, "No, Ma'am, *you did not!*"

### TO WOMAN.

As light as down from nestling's wing,  
Is woman's love they say,

Which every fickle gale in spring,  
Will blow from spray to spray;

But woman's love, where e'er it flew,  
Too like the down would stay,

If man, as fickle, never blew  
That tender love away. L.

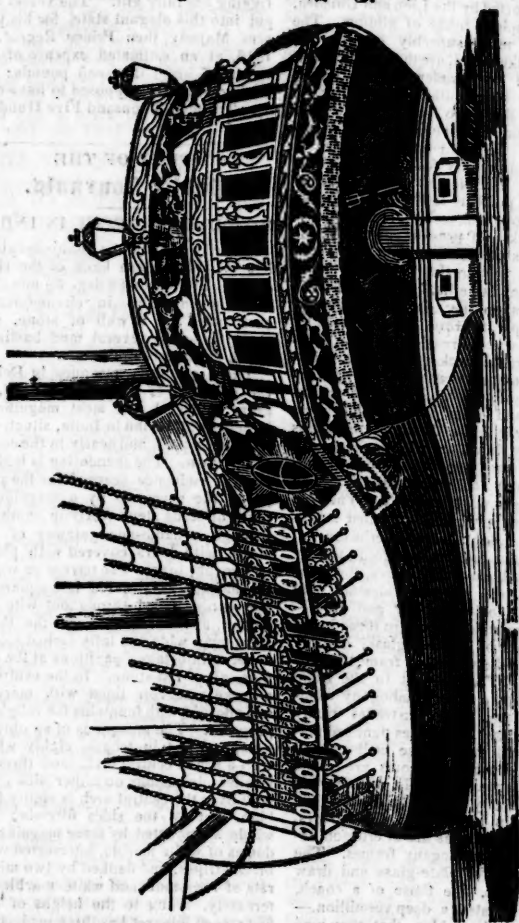
### CUPID'S ADDRESS TO ANGRY VENUS.

Dear mother me no longer blame,  
My fault with pity view;—

For when I lovely Nancy press'd—  
She look'd divine like you.



## The Royal Sovereign Yacht.



In order to give the Mirror as much variety in its graphic embellishments, as in its literary miscellany, we have selected for our second engraving this week, a beautifully engraved view of one of the most superb vessels ever built—the Royal Sovereign Yacht, belonging to his Majesty. This yacht is between three and four hundred tons burthen, has three masts, is ship-rigg-

ed, and is the most splendid vessel, beyond all comparison, ever launched in England. The bust of his Majesty forms the head, surmounted by a canopy, painted crimson, with fringe and tassels in gold. The head-rails have carved figures of Peace and Plenty, which support the bust, with a frieze of devices to the bows, carved and gilt. Above the channels is a frieze—boys

supporting the Cardinal virtues, united by festoons of laurel. The quarter-badge, representing the Star and Garter, supported by the Lion and Unicorn, is a complete blaze of gilding. The stern is most superbly gilt—in the centre of the taffrel, are the King's Arms, supported by "Prudence and Fame. Fortitude and Truth are carved at the sides of the stern, richly gilt. The lower counter is an emblematical painting. On the right of the rudder is Neptune drawn by four Sea-horses, a painting. On the left of the rudder is Britannia pointing to the Arts, a painting. Above the rudder is the Star of Brunswick as if presiding. The upper counter is Cupids with laurel, painted and gilt. Over the poop are three magnificent lanterns, in blue and gold, with stars on the top. The quarter-deck is separated from the main-deck by a richly carved breast-rail. The sides of the quarter-deck are devices, painted, in compartments. The gallery is fitted up for a kitchen, with steam-boilers, and other cooking apparatus. Adjoining it is the Room for the Lords in waiting, in white, with panel mouldings, the roof supported by fluted pilasters, with Ionic caps, all gilt. The passages are white and gold. The roof of the King's room is panelled mahogany and gold; the sides crimson damask panels, the framings gold; twenty carved emblematical figures, the Four Elements, &c. are on pedestals with Ionic caps of mahogany and gold.—Round the rudder case are three beautiful plates of looking-glass, entirely concealing the wood, in frames to correspond. The descent to the State Rooms is by a superb mahogany winding staircase, the balustrades richly carved and gilt, the sides panelled mahogany and gold. The ceilings and doors to the State Rooms are of the finest mahogany in panels, with carved borders, richly gilt. The doors in the centre cabin are covered with mirrors. The chairs and sofas are of crimson damask in gilt mahogany frames. The windows are of plate-glass and draw up and down, like those of a coach, the sides painted a deep vermillion.—To suspend the tables, that they may sway with the vessel, elegant gilt chains descend from the ceilings, as if for lamps. The side windows, one on each side the stern, are two immense concaves of plate-glass, like mirrors, from each of which, on the outside the vessel, rays diverge to form a splendid

star. The predominant feature of the decorations is costly gilding: even the blocks carrying the ladders and the rigging are fully gilt. The vessel was put into this elegant state, for his present Majesty, then Prince Regent, in 1816, at an estimated expence of upwards of sixty thousand pounds: the gilding alone is supposed to have cost near Thirteen Thousand Five Hundred Pounds!

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### MOSQUES OF DELHI IN INDIA.

The city of Delhi, or Shahjehanabad, lies on the western bank of the river Jumna, in latitude 28 deg. 36 min. N.; it is seven miles in circumference, surrounded by a wall of stone, and strengthened by several mud bastions, which are in a ruinous state.

There are forty mosques in Delhi; the principal is the Jumâ Musjid, or great cathedral, the most magnificent building of the kind in India, situated in the highest part, and nearly in the centre of the town. The foundation is laid on a rocky eminence scarped for the purpose; the ascent is by a magnificent flight of stone steps (forty in number), through a handsome gateway of red stone, with doors covered with plates of wrought brass. The terrace on which the mosque is situated is a square of 100 yards, paved throughout with red stone; and surrounded on the three sides by a wide and lofty arched colonnade, with octagon pavilions at the angles, all of red stone. In the centre is a large reservoir lined with marble, and adorned with fountains for religious purposes. The mosque is of an oblong form, 261 feet in length, eighty wide, with a grand central arch, and three of smaller dimensions on either side; the wall over the central arch is eighty feet high, that on the sides fifty-six; the whole surmounted by three magnificent domes of white marble, intersected with black stripes, and flanked by two minarets of red stone and white marble alternately, rising to the height of 130 feet; each minaret has three projecting galleries of white marble on the outside, their summits being adorned with light octagon pavilions of the same materials; the ascent is within, by a winding staircase of stone. The view from the top is extensive, comprising the palace, the city, river, forts of Feroze and Shere

Shah, Toom of Humayoon, and the Kootub. The front of the main body of the mosque is faced with large slabs of white marble. Along the cornice are ten compartments, four feet by two and a half, inlaid with inscriptions in black marble from the Koran, in the Nishki character; the inside is paved with large slabs of white marble decorated with a black border; the walls and roof are lined with plain white marble. Near the kibia (literally a compass) or small recess in the wall, so placed as to face towards the city of Mecca, is a mimber or pulpit of marble, with an ascent of four steps, balustraded; the domes are crowned with copper culleuses, richly gilt. Shah Jehan commenced the mosque in the fourth, and finished it in the tenth year of his reign, at an expense of ten lacks of rupees.

The next in grandeur, and perhaps superior in beauty, is the Zeenut-ul-Masjid (or ornament of mosques), on the river face of the city; it was erected on a commanding situation by Zeenut-ul-Nissah, a daughter of Aurungzebe; it is built of red stone inlaid with white marble, with a reservoir of the same materials, in the centre of a spacious terrace paved with red stone. The three domes are of white marble intersected with black stripes; the form is particularly elegant and light, and superior to all others in beauty and proportion; the dimensions are much smaller than those of the Juma Masjid. Lands to the amount of a lack of rupees were formerly allotted for the support of this place: but these have been long since confiscated, and the building is going fast to decay. There are several other mosques of inferior size, but of the same form, some with domes of copper richly gilt, others of white marble, and one, at the bottom of Chandney-choke, with domes of green and gold enamel.—*Calcutta Journal*.

#### TRAVELLING SKETCHES IN FRANCE.

[The following Travelling Sketches are extracted from an article entitled "Amiot's Letters from France," in the first Number of a new Periodical, "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." The Letters are dated Paris, Aug. 11 and 16, 1822.—Ed.]

##### THE DILIGENCE.

We left Calais at ten by the market clock, on Wedn. day morning; and commend me to the cabriolet of the Ca-

lais Diligence for comfortable travelling in summer! It is simply a covered gig where our box is. The conducteur, or guard, sits with you; you avoid sun and dust; at night a curtain is drawn across the front, and you may sleep just as if you were lolling inside a gentleman's carriage. There is nothing like it in an English coach. And then what a subject for inexhaustible divertissement is submitted to your attention in the postillon and his team! I had often heard of the French postillions and their horses; I knew they wore tails and jackboots, and were caparisoned (that is the horses were) with ropes; but the individual particulars convey no notion of the complex image. The fellow at Calais was a dandy, and his boots were not much more than twice the size of those of the Oxford Blues—and had been cleaned; but as we left the coast, the tail descended, and the boot increased, and the Day and Martin was all my eye; till, at about forty miles from Paris, the whole *thing* attained its legitimate acmé, and I declare, positively, that a creature of five feet nothing, with legs and thighs like a forked radish, with a queue six inches long, no coat, or waistcoat, or neckcloth, but clothed in a pair and a half of jean trousers, leaped, Curtius-like, into two enormous gambado boots, which stood in the yard like columns upright, and one of which would have silenced Trim's battery in five minutes. Curtius had a whip like a threshing flail, the lash being simply a long broad piece of leather,—such as boys use to flog their tops with. This was his whip, his horn, and blunderbuss. When any thing was in his way, Curtius could crack his flail in a portentous manner; the noise was louder and worse than a horn, and the sacrés came ever and anon like small shot in your ears. Yet Curtius drove his five horses at six miles an hour, without spending so much whip on their backs as an English coachman would have done in one! The stages were very short, and we were not detained two minutes. Upon the whole, so far as my experience has gone, the French travelling has been much traduced; it is not *bang-up*, but it is safe, comfortable, and steady. No guard or coachman comes to impose upon you at every forty miles; all is fixed; there are no gratuities; the conducteur pays every thing, and demands from you at the end the exact amount. This is inestimable to a wretch who can-

not understand five syllables that are spoken to him, and hardly knows the value of the silver counters he has in his purse.

#### THE THEATRE IN PARIS.

We went to the Théâtre Français on Friday night, and saw Talma and Duchesnois. The play was "Regulus." Let him be judged, as is fair, upon the principles and after the fashion of the drama of the French, and I should think Talma the finest actor in the world. He is more majestic, more tender, more overpowering than Kemble; his figure is as great, though perhaps not so correct, and his voice is inexpressibly touching. But I saw none of the workings of Kean's face, none of that fearful agony of the upper lip, none of the tremulous agitations of his hands and breast; Talma's great feat was to thrust his fingers into his eyes, and to show the whites to the people. Duchesnois is a plain woman, yet she equals O'Neill in many things; in some surpasses her. I have never heard such an unaffected yet affecting change of voice from declamation to grief. Every accent could be heard distinctly. The play, upon the whole, was certainly better acted than in England. There was no *bad* acting.

#### FÊTE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

I have a thousand fine things to talk about, but none of them finer or more novel than the Fête of the Assumption of the Virgin on Thursday, and the Procession of the Vow of Louis XIII. I was in Notre Dame from half past ten until half past five, and during nearly the whole time I was rivetted as it were by magic. I was seated immediately over the altar, in a gallery which runs round the whole cathedral, something as it is at Exeter, and of course I commanded the whole *vista* to the western door, there being no screen or organ to obstruct the sight. The parts of the gallery intervening between the columns of the arches were filled throughout with company, and the whole nave was animated with a countless multitude of men, women, and children, ceaselessly moving in a thousand directions, and arrayed in thousands of fantastic but harmonious colours. Within the choir, all the ceremonies of the Romish religion were enacted in full splendor;—enormous gilded crucifixes were erected over the altar,—incense was dashed upwards from silver censers in all corners,—the Bible was kissed,—and the image of the Virgin adored with ten hundred bows, and with ten thousand

crosses. It was a peculiar service in honour of the Virgin Mary, and continued more than three hours; about two and a half of which were employed in performing some enchanting services by Mozart and Haydn. A regular operatic band of violins, harps, and horns, was placed in the centre of the choir, where the performers sat round upon chairs, as at a common concert, with their books before them. The choristers sang in the middle of the ring. The power of such music in such a place was indescribable; I felt myself perfectly overcome by the matchless scene below me; and upon an almost heavenly burst of the chorus in these words, "Exaltata es in coelis, O Maria! Ave Maria, Regina cœli!" albeit unused to the melting mood, I fairly burst forth into a flood of tears. I mention this, as the shortest and most effectual way I have of conveying to you a notion of the impressions which the music, and the accompanying pomps and vanities, could make upon a contemptuous and phlegmatic Protestant.

Before the end of the service, successive bands of soldiers, with drums playing, marched into the nave, and after lining all the side aisles, formed a broad avenue from the barrier of the choir down to the western door, and thence, as I was informed, the whole way to the Tuilleries. When the drums ceased, the officers gave the word of command with the same indifference as if they had been on parade. We now waited till two o'clock, but the scene was so curious, that I was not in the least tired with the delay. At two the bells began tolling again, and shortly afterwards the procession entered the western door, and moved upon a green foot-cloth up the avenue of soldiers. It was headed by two hundred girls in white robes and veils, carrying in the centre of their troop a white banner, decorated with long pendants of white muslin, which were held by other of the girls at some distance on either side. When the leaders of the band had reached the choir, all the girls faced about, and placed themselves on one side by twos and threes alternately between the soldiers; then as many boys, carrying in the same manner a crimson banner, did the like on the other side. The magistrates of Paris followed; then all the judges, of whom there seemed thirty at least; the royal attendants; the ministers; and at length Monsieur and the Duke of Orleans; then, with a space between, Madame by herself, with her

train, eight or nine feet in length, held by two marshals of France; the ladies of honour followed, and then the military closed the line. Service was performed by the Archbishop of Paris and some other bishops; after which the Royal Family retired by a side door, and the rest walked down the avenue again. I asked a discharged soldier of the Imperial Guard, who was next to me, if the King would come:—"Oh que non!" "Pourquoi?" Upon which, with a most curious grimace and sneer, he said, "Hé, hé! il ne peut pas marcher!"

## TIVOLI.

We went on the evening of the Assumption to Tivoli, and were much delighted. It is not so large a place as Vauxhall, nor so splendidly illuminated; but it is more prettily laid out, and there is such an unceasing round of amusements as is enough to astonish the heart of a plain Englishman. The fire-works surpassed in profusion and richness any thing I had ever seen; the simple sky-rocket, however, was not equal to our English ones. We ventured our necks down the Montagnes, which are most extraordinary things indeed: I have not room to describe them.

**The Nobelist.**

No. XXXI.

**THE BASHFUL WOOLER.**

It was on one of those delightful mornings which are enjoyed in England in the early part of May, when nature looks fresh with the night-dew which still hangs sparkling in the bright rays of the young sun, just peering in the East, that George Neville, full of youthful spirits and manly beauty, was pursuing his customary morning stroll, though in a direction he had never before been. He had early quitted his solitary couch, and sought an eminence, to enjoy that most beautiful scene in nature when the East opens her golden gates and sends forth the glorious sun, and "trim'd like a bridegroom prancing to his love."

George's father had spared no expense in his education, but the fortune so expended was done judiciously: for, while receiving instruction, he was continually reminded that he must hereafter depend, in his progress through life, upon those accomplishments which he was acquiring;—that they would be the only fortune for him to look to in his future career. Early impressed

with this view, in the kindest and most effectual manner, he had applied himself sedulously in the study of those branches of knowledge, pointed out to him as best suited to an honourable advancement in life. The consequent seclusion had one—ill effect, I was about to say—but I am rather inclined to consider it the contrary, for it repressed the desire of seeing much company—this was an almost unconquerable diffidence in the presence of his superiors—I mean those whom he knew, and whose good opinion he was emulous of possessing: but in the bosom of his family, he was the life and ornament of the circle. With this extraordinary trait—that with perfect strangers—those whom he neither knew nor cared for, he was the same as at home, or even more *enjoué*. Having finished his studies he was placed in a merchant's counting-house. His stay here was about eight or ten years, during which period, by his strict attention to the duties of his situation, and his invincible integrity, he obtained so high a degree of favour with his employer, as to find himself, by the sudden death of the latter, the unexpected possessor of a very large fortune in England and the West Indies. This he secured, and having purchased a snug retreat in the neighbourhood of London, he resolved, in "single blessedness," to enjoy those pleasures which his excellent education placed within his reach. It is true he intensely admired the sex—but his diffidence (and here we may call it, his unfortunate diffidence) was an all-powerful enemy. He had painted in his imagination an object whom he could almost adore, beautiful in person, still more so in mind, perfect in a few elegant, and in all the useful accomplishments of her sex, graceful and gentle, capable of the purest enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and the sublimity of religion, an even and cheerful temper, generous and candid, quick and susceptible of coldness or neglect, but not irritable; like the broad expanse of a lake, whose waters are supplied by the overflowing of the river which passes through, and distinguished only by its stronger current, a deep stream of domestic love flowing through a bosom capable of universal esteem. "Strong in innocence as a tower, with a face of serenity, and a collectedness of demeanour, from which danger and misery, the very tawny lion in his rage might flee discomfited, a fragile, delicate, feeble, and most feminine woman." Such a being his vivid feelings had

drawn, but where to find her, or how to win her when found, he was totally at a loss. He might have been content perhaps with one who approached nearest this ideal beauty, among the many whose parents would have been proud to see the object of his choice; but the immense difficulty to him of asking—the eternal shame of a refusal—the almost equally dreadful torment of acceptance, for he held in utter abhorrence a protracted courtship—all tended to confirm his resolution never to attempt to obtain possession, or drink of that sweet cup, which required so many difficulties to be overcome before it could be attained.

One morning, however, his resolutions were put upon their trial. A little distance from the path he was pursuing to return home, he perceived a small thicket or shrubbery, to which his attention was drawn by the sound of a female voice breathing the sweetest melody. He approached, but with the greatest caution, lest he should interrupt those delightful sounds which were sinking deep into his heart. He found a small opening through which he obtained a glimpse of the fairest form that nature ever framed. He hesitated a moment; he formed his resolution; unknowing and unknown; the most perfect confidence instantly came to his aid; this secluded spot the world's eye could never reach; she was alone; in an instant he was by her side. She rose surprised at the approach of a stranger, but betrayed no symptoms of fear, for he had the appearance of a gentleman. George Neville approached in a most respectful manner, requested she would continue seated, and begged she would pardon his intrusion. "And lady," he continued, "may I presume to supplicate your attention and answer to two or three questions?" Harriet Willmot begged to decline a private conference with a stranger, and was about to retire to an elegant cottage, which he now for the first time perceived at a short distance. "Stay, I beseech you, madam," exclaimed Mr. Neville, with some warmth, as he gently pressed her hand. "I beseech you hear me; answer me one question—Oh! tell me, madam, has man engaged your love?" "I cannot hear such language, sir."—"Nay," he replied, "do but say 'Yes,' and my first hope is blighted for ever; I will instantly relieve you from my presence; you shall see me no more. Say but 'No,' and my hope lives; new life will breathe through my veins;

heaven will smile more sweetly than ever; it will smile where I have sought it in vain, where I have sighed, I have prayed, to find it—the image of my imagination is before me—Intelligence sits smiling on thy forehead—virtue and benevolence beam from those eyes—Oh, answer me, lady; wert thou not born to make me happy for ever? Yes! or to give me a glimpse of bliss and withdraw the prospect for ever from my strained eyeballs—for, give me but a drop from the cup of happiness, and then dash it for ever from my parched lips."

From the vehemence with which he spoke, Harriet began to be seriously alarmed—it was evident in her looks—he saw it—and besought her now in the most gentle, but the firmest manner, to answer; it was a manner, that without rudeness or authority, drew its reply. It was favourable to his hopes. He gently pressed her hand to his lips—told her of his unfortunate diffidence, now overcome from their being alone and unknown to each other, and pleaded his cause so effectually that the next time he saw her, which was a fortnight after their first interview, their hands were united as their hearts already were for ever. R. F.

### Miscellanies.

#### CHARITY.

Zaccher and Esreff begged Morah, their tutor, to permit them to visit the curiosities of Aleppo. He gave them a few aspers to expend as they thought proper; and on their return, he enquired how they had bestowed the money. "I," said Zaccher, "bought some of the finest dates Syria ever produced; the taste was exquisite." "And I," said Esreff, "met a poor woman, with an infant at her breast: her cries pierced me: I gave her my aspers, and grieved that I had not more." "The dates," said Morah to Zaccher, "are gone; but Esreff's charity will be a lasting blessing, and contribute to his happiness, not only in this life, but in that to come."

#### SIR PETER LELY.

Sir Peter Lely, a famous painter, in the reign of Charles I. agreed for the price of a full length picture which he was to draw for a rich alderman of London, who was not indebted to nature, either for shape or face. When the picture was finished, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price, alleging, that if he did not purchase it, it would lay on the painter's hands.



"That's your mistake," replied Sir Peter, "for I can sell it for double the price I demand." "How can that be?" says the alderman, "for it is like nobody but myself." "True," replied Sir Peter, "but I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey." Mr. Alderman, to prevent his being exposed, paid down the money agreed on and demanded, and carried off the picture.

#### ROYAL POSTILLION.

The Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the late king, then the Duke of Wirtemberg, was received by the prince himself *incognito*, who insisted on taking care of his majesty's horses, equipage, &c., and also to conduct him to a house made ready for his arrival. The whole of the prince's attendants were industriously employed in the service of the illustrious traveller, who of course found this imagined hotel the best prepared of any on the road. When the emperor renewed his journey, such fine swift horses were fixed to his carriage, that he confessed they did honour to his landlord, the postmaster. The postillion who drove him had not, as the rest, the usual stile of habit; a bag wig, rough and undressed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dress manifestly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horse he had such an air of activity, that the emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him.

When the emperor was seated in the carriage, the postillion set off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed stage with an astonishing speed, and such as no other horses the emperor had used could equal. The dexterous postillion was not only called and rewarded, but promised a place in the emperor's service, if he would accept it. "With all my heart," said the postillion in a jocose manner. "Very well," said the emperor, "take a draught of wine, and we'll set off." "Two, if you please," said the postillion, "and then I'll whip you over six leagues more in a trice." A bottle of wine was brought, which he took, saluted the emperor, and then drank freely like a postillion. The emperor again got into his carriage, and presently arrived at another stage, where they refreshed; and the postillion received a handful of ducats, which he pocketed, and then went out as if going to the stable. "I never had such a good relief of horses,

nor so good a postillion," said the emperor to his new landlord. "I believe it firmly," said the innkeeper; "the horses belong to his Highness the Prince of Wirtemberg, and the prince himself was your postillion. The emperor gave immediate orders to go and seek the prince; but he had set out for his own palace, and it was impossible to overtake him. The emperor was extremely surprised at the singularity of this piece of gallantry, and immediately wrote to the prince his acknowledgments for such a condescending service.

#### PENAL CODE OF SPAIN

The capital punishment which the Spanish penal code recognizes, is the *garote*, which is at once more humane, and a less disgusting exhibition than the method so frightfully detailed in the *Mirror*, vol. i, p. 382. A writer, who lately witnessed an execution in Spain, observes, "I was curious to see death inflicted, and I confess I had no notion that it would be caused with so much humanity. A man should witness such a spectacle, as his opinion as to the best mode of its infliction may one day or other have an influence. The extinction of life seemed the affair of an instant. The victim occupies a seat, which is attached to an upright post, an iron collar is placed round his neck, and strangulation is produced by turning round a multiplying screw, which brings the collar close to the post. I observed no convulsion—no movement of agony. The *garote* is as expeditious as the guillotine, and it sheds no blood."

R—Y.

#### THE VILLAGE APOTHECARY.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

One of Master Simon's counsellors is the apothecary, a short, and rather fat man, with a pair of prominent eyes, that diverge like those of a lobster. He is the village wise man; very sententious, and full of profound remarks on shallow subjects. Master Simon often quotes his sayings, and mentions him as rather an extraordinary man; and even consults him occasionally in desperate cases of the dogs and horses. Indeed he seems to have been overwhelmed by the apothecary's philosophy, which is exactly one observation deep, consisting of indisputable maxims, such as may be gathered from the mottoes of tobacco-boxes. I had a specimen of his philosophy in my very first conversation with him; in the course of

which he observed, with great solemnity and emphasis, that 'man is a compound of wisdom and folly;' on which Master Simon, who had hold of my arm, pressed very hard on it, and whispered in my year, 'that's a devilish shrewd remark!'

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

IMPROMPTU.

*On seeing the notice "Stick no Bills" on the door of the Debtor's Prison.*

"When you're in debt and have no cash, what can more

Annoy you than a *Bill* stuck on your door?

MODERN ANTIQUES.—"Have you any thing else old?" said an English lady at Rome to a boy of whom she had bought some modern antiques. "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, "My hat is old." The lady rewarded his wit.

The following is a genuine copy of the Bill of a dealer in Marine Stores, now living:—

L. WORMS,

62, S-t J-n S-t, St. S-p-l-c-r's  
This is the shop to sell your rags,  
Iron, roping, and old bags;  
Pewter, copper, lead and brass,  
Bottles, phials, and flint glass;  
Silver-lace, likewise gold,  
Flocks and feathers bought and sold;  
Buttons either gilt or plated,  
At the most money here is rated;  
Old books, waste paper, and horse-hair,  
How much you bring I do not care,  
N. B. Tailor's Shops cleared.

LIGHT FINGER'D JACK.

Jack, who thinks all his own that once  
he handles,  
For practice sake, purloin'd a pound of  
candles;  
Was taken in the fact—ah! thoughtless  
wight,  
To steal such things as needs must  
come to light.

ON SNOW THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S  
BREAST.

Those envious flakes which came in  
haste,

To prove her breast so fair,  
Grieving to find themselves surpast,  
Dissolv'd into a tear.

ON PETER WHITE.

Peter White will ne'er go right,  
Would you know the reason why:  
Where'er he goes, he follows his nose,  
And that stands all awry.

ON A BURSAR OF A COLLEGE IN OXFORD  
CUTTING DOWN THE TREES NEAR THE  
SAID COLLEGE, FOR HIS OWN USE.  
Indulgent Nature to each creature  
shows

A secret instinct to discern his foes:  
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox  
Lambs fly from Wolves, and sailors  
steer from rocks;  
The thief a gallows, as his fate foresees,  
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

Three gentlemen going along Bro-  
ker's Row, Moorfields, were accosted  
by two *Barkers* with, "Walk in,  
gentlemen, walk in:" upon which one  
of the gentlemen said to his companions,  
"It is really too bad that we cannot  
pass without being annoyed!" when  
one of the *Barkers* replied, "If we  
are two bad, you gentlemen, are three  
bad."

A young lady was accosted by a  
clergyman in a lane when going to  
church—he asked her why she did not  
go across the fields: upon which she  
replied, "They were too *stille-ish* for  
her."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Curate's Daughter, Nugé Ca-  
norme, and several other articles intend-  
ed for the present number, shall appear  
next week.

Emma and Anne Jane in our next.

Ignatius Procurator, and S. Holland  
shall have an early corner in the  
Mirror.

The favours of Z. Z., Harry C.,  
C. Wood, G. W. P., and H. R. have  
been received.

Johnny's Advertisement is very stale.

We admire W. D.'s loyalty, but what  
has the Pretender to do with a loyal  
song now.

Tales for the Mirror must be short.

We should be glad to see the memo-  
randum of Thomson the poet; but our  
correspondent must be wrong as to the  
date of it.

T. R-y shall be attended to.

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand,  
(East End of Exeter Change); and sold by  
all Newsmen and Booksellers.—Printed by  
T. DOLBY, 299, Strand.